K. T. TELANG

BY

R. P. KARKARIA.

00024171

923.454
Tel/Kar/K.T.T.
24171

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018

THE LATE

K. T. TELANG,

AND THE

Present Political Movement in India.

24171
av

BY

R. P. KARKARIA.

Reprinted from the "Calcutta Review."

Bombay:
TIMES OF INDIA OFFICE.

London:
T. G. JOHNSON, 121, FLEET STREET, E.C.

1895.

00024171

THE LATE K. T. TELANG.

THE decease of Mr. K. T. Telang, one of the Judges of the High Court and Vice-Chancellor of the University at Bombay, on the 31st August 1893, may be truly said to have eclipsed the gaiety of the Indian Nations and impoverished their scanty public stock of political wisdom.

Though Mr. Telang belonged to the Western Capital, by birth and settlement, and worked solely in this eye of India, he belonged to the whole Continent, all of whose peoples took a just pride in him as one of their wisest and purest men, and all equally felt his premature death. India has had to bear the loss of many an able man of public usefulness during recent years: of great moving forces like Keshub Chunder Sen and Sorabji Bengalli; of sturdy workers, like Nowrosji Furdoonji and Kristo Das Pal; of erudite scholars, like Bhugwunlal Indraji and Rajendralal Mitra. But no death, unless it be that of Keshub Chunder Sen, ten years ago, has in these days been so widely, deeply and sincerely mourned, none has evoked such heartfelt sympathy from men of usually the most opposite views, from antagonistic communities and rival interests; none has been felt so keenly as almost a personal loss, even by strangers, as this of the foremost Hindu, if not quite the foremost native, of our time in India. Meetings in several towns, newspapers in every province, of every shade of opinion and creed, religious and political, officials and non-officials, conservatives and radicals, bigots and free-thinkers, have all, with an unanimity rare, if not unprecedented, united in eulogising the conspicuous merits, mental and moral, of one whom a cruel fate has snatched away in the very prime of life, on the threshold of public usefulness.

Nearly every circumstance that could add to the grief felt by his friends and the public and make it more acute was

present. He was only forty-three, an age when many have hardly begun their career; he died of a painful lingering illness which had crippled his powers considerably for several years; he was cut off in the blossom of his hopes, having enjoyed his high position, so meekly borne, for hardly four years; above all, though he had rendered sufficient service to the public, he was taken away when a new and more useful sphere of activity, as head of native society and of the University, was just opening before him. Though he had been before the public for twenty years, during which he was ever ready to assist them with his wise counsels in speech and in print; though the early hopes built upon him were fully justified and fulfilled, the people rightly believed that there was more in the man than had yet had an opportunity of showing itself, and fondly hoped that, with high honours and position, the time had come for the realisation of their highest hopes in their full measure. *Sed dis aliter visum.* Pitiless fate has rudely shattered these hopes, and cruelly dispersed these dreams. With all his performance, he will be remembered more as the man of promise, as the young Marcellus of the hopes of the Indian peoples.

Nor was he of less use and promise to the State and the rulers. It was his singular good fortune to be trusted alike by Government and subjects. As a mediator between them he did excellent service, service which it is in the power of very few men in the Indian Empire to render. At a time when bitter party spirit is running high, and reason and moderation are at a discount; when the gulf which must divide the subjects from their foreign rulers is ever widening, it is hard to find a real and influential leader of the people who, while sympathising with their reasonable aspirations, is also conscientious enough not to forget the duties which he owes to the rulers of the country, of being fair to them and of appreciating their enormous difficulties in the task of looking, amid the dangers of foreign invasion and domestic revolution, to the welfare of alien millions, with conflicting interests, mutual hatreds and turbulent dispositions. Telang was such a rare leader; and his death is thus

no less a loss to the Empire than to the people. Such men are the real pillars of State, sustaining the glorious fabric of the British Empire in our days; and, following in the steps of Mr. T. S. Escott, who has not overlooked native Indian leaders among his "Pillars of the Empire," we shall endeavour to show the reader what sort of man he was, and what opinions about the country he held, whose loss has been so universally deplored and whose disappearance from the public arena will be felt for years to come as a calamity in the critical times through which this great Eastern Dependency of the British Crown is at present passing.

Hard times are upon us. What with frontier questions impending in the North-West and the North-East, with heated political agitation in the country, and wanton parliamentary interference in England, with bitter racial and religious differences bursting out in almost every quarter, with commercial depression and agricultural impoverishment, and, to crown all, with almost insuperable financial difficulties, harder times still are coming. There are breakers ahead. May God direct the vessel of State through them. May his benign Providence grant wisdom to all; to the foolish that they may see their folly, to the wicked that they may repent of their evil ways; grant strength and light to those in whose hands are the destinies of the Empire!

> "Are there Thunders moaning in the distance?
> Are there Spectres moving in the Darkness?
> Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,
> Till the Thunders pass, the Spectres vanish,
> And the Light is Victor, and the Darkness
> Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages."

The position which Telang occupied among public men was almost unique, and the void left by his death will not easily be filled. One may apply to him the words uttered at the death of his great countryman, Nana Phadnavis, ninety years ago, by an Englishman who knew his race intimately: "With him has departed all the wisdom and moderation of Mahratta

politics." Moderation indeed; for who is there now among them who has his judicial mind; who like him, will hold the balance even between conflicting views, and give them credit for all that is good in them? It is not urged here, by any means, that there are not men left among the Mahrattas to carry on some parts of Telang's work. There are men who, each of them, possesses some of his qualities, even, it may be conceded, in a higher degree than himself. But there is none who combines them all so harmoniously together. There are erudite scholars, keen-witted lawyers, earnest social reformers, zealous educationalists, sound economists, effective public speakers, brilliant conversationalists, pure moral characters among the Mahrattas, as in every other intelligent community in the world with their traditions and in their position. But, now that he is gone, there is none who combines in himself his various qualities of head and heart, possesses his wide and varied culture with his unswerving rectitude and honesty of purpose, his scholarship with his modesty and simplicity, his zeal with his moderation and sobriety, his spotless moral character with his tact and influence. Tact, sobriety and moral purity were his chief virtues, and the secret of his success. And the greatest of these all was moral purity. At a time when the character of many Indian public men is being questioned, and an Indian Purity League is being talked of, Telang's singularly spotless character has been recognised as altogether exemplary.

A death like his would be a serious loss to any community. But, owing to the peculiar state of Hindu society, which, as a whole, still remains in its sluggish apathetic condition of former ages, and is vivified only at rare intervals by the appearance of a great man, such a loss is simply irreparable. The words of Arnold regarding Hannibal's death and his loss to the Carthaginian State may not very inaptly be applied to the present occasion:— "Where the nation has been merely enkindled for a while by a great man's spirit, the light passes away with him who communicated it, and the nation, when he is gone, is like a dead body to which magic power had for a moment given an unnatural

life; when the charm has ceased, the body is cold and stiff as before." There is a fear that the impluse which Telang communicated to the younger generation of his race may pass away with him and the traditional lethargy invade them again.

Telang was able to be all this on account of the training he had received, chiefly under English teachers in the English school and college with which the illustrious name of Mounstuart Elphinstone has been associated by a grateful people to commemorate his disinterested services as the pioneer of education in Western India. Born in 1850, he entered school when barely eight, and, matriculating in 1864, passed to college. There he gained his degree of M. A. in 1868 and LL. B. in 1869, and was appointed Senior Fellow, in which capacity he lectured to the students, as assistant to the professors, in his favourite subject of Sanscrit Philology and Literature. His labours in this field, as extensive as useful, thus early commenced, were crowned in 1882 by his translation, in Professor Max Müller's series of the Sacred Books of the East, published by the Clarendon Press, of the Bhagvadgita, a philosophical episode from the Hindu Epic, the Mahabarata. He used his literary powers to lay open the rich treasures of Sanscrit lore before Europeans, and to acquaint his countrymen with all that was best in European life and thought.

He was thus the best product of the new English system of education that has for the last fifty years worked in India with very mixed results. The partial emancipation and regeneration of the Indian intellect which is now being so conspicuously witnessed, is one of the greatest triumphs and the chief results of British rule. To have moved the conservative, though quick, intellect of the people of a country cramped and debased by centuries of neglect and repression, is a task of which any victorious nation may well be proud, and in which some great conquerors of the past have signally failed. When Rome conquered Greece, instead of Romanising the Hellenic intellect, she was herself taken captive,—*Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit*—and the stern victor was Hellenised. And Greece, though

repeatedly conquered, has intellectually more than held her own, and imposed her culture on the whole of Europe ; so much so that, in the emphatic words of Sir Henry Maine, except the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world that is not Greek in its origin. But England has obtained a double triumph in India, of which she may be said to have captured both mind and matter; and, far from being herself Hinduised and Asiaticised, she has fairly succeeded in Anglicising and Europeanising, at least for a time, the Indian mind.

When the great triumphs of war ceased for a while, and the still greater triumphs of peace were inaugurated, in the reign of Lord William Bentinck, it was generously resolved to impart English literature and science to the conquered. England refused to hold her God-given fief on any selfish and narrow-minded tenure of ignorance or barbarism. Education was considered the best lever wherewith to raise the people from their superstition and squalor ; and its spread was, therefore, encouraged, as the best that the conscience of England could do for the subject peoples. "It is difficult to imagine," wrote Elphinstone, in a celebrated Minute, as early as 1824, "an undertaking in which our duty, our interest, and our honour are more immediately concerned. It is now well understood that in all countries the happiness of the poor depends in a great measure on their education. It is by means of it alone that they can acquire those habits of prudence and self-respect from which all other good qualities spring ; and if ever there was a country where such habits are required, it is this. There is but one remedy for great social evils, which is education. If there be a wish to contribute ultimately to the destruction of superstition in India, it is scarcely necessary now to prove that the only means of success lies in the diffusion of knowledge." And this knowledge, which was to be imparted, it was resolved, through the able advocacy of Lord Macaulay, to whom modern educated Indians thus owe an irredeemable debt of gratitude, should be Western and not merely Oriental. The stores of the accumulated wisdom of ages were thrown open to the Indian

mind. Peoples who had in their own indigenous literature nothing, or very little, of sustaining knowledge suited to modern needs: peoples whose history was legendary and whose literature was visionary, whose science was fabulous and whose arts were primitive, were brought face to face, for the first time, in the history of the East, with the brighter, more robust, and infinitely more useful and practical learning of the West.

Fears were expressed, at the time of this momentous step, that the introduction of Western literature would be inevitably followed by Western ideas of liberty; that scholars nurtured on Demosthenes and Cicero, Milton and Byron, Rousseau and Voltaire, Goethe and Schiller, would be but troublesome subjects of a rule which, at its best, could only be a benevolent despotism. Serious mischief was apprehended as the result of this novel experiment. Generous counsels, however, prevailed. Any danger to the State from the spread of education was rightly ridiculed. Western education would, it was hoped, prove the strongest support of the Empire, which would be rendered impregnable if it could by any possibility be based on knowledge and enlightenment universally diffused among the various Indian peoples. "The dangers," wrote Elphinstone, "to which we are exposed from the sensitive character of the religion of the natives, and the slippery foundation of our Government owing to the total separation between us and our subjects, require the adoption of some measure to counteract them, and the only one is, to remove their prejudices, and to communicate our own principles and opinions by the diffusion of a rational education." High hopes were thus entertained that a class of enlightened natives would be brought into existence such as would prove a valuable means of raising their communities from the ignorance and superstition of ages, and of enabling them to enjoy the benefit of Western ideas; that thereby an irrefragable bond would be created between the rulers and the ruled, more lasting than any ties of conquest; that with a better and closer knowledge of the British rule and of all the past rules to which their country had been subject

in the course of history, they would learn to appreciate better the blessings of their present state ; and that, knowing the interests of the peace and prosperity of the country to be bound up with the existence and vigour of their English rulers, whom they would gradually come to acknowledge as their real benefactors, they would become the greatest champions and well-wishers of these their foreign masters and protectors. The basis of the Empire was by means of education to be widened. The subjects were to be made interested in the Government. Instead of having their hostility to overcome by force or at best, their sullen apathy, which made them look upon British rule as a freak of fate that would, like its numerous predecessors, vanish in time, and taught them to hold themselves in the interval and look on ; instead of this, their active sympathies were to be engaged on the side of the rulers, who would appear to them to be superior to the ordinary run of Asiatic conquerors, and to have come not to destroy but to build, to give and not to take ; and who, in return for the gratification of their ruling passion, remembering, like the ancient Roman, the famous lines of Virgil :—

> "Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento
> Hae tibi erunt artes pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos,"

would give them every civic benefit and privilege that it was good and safe for them to enjoy.

Though all these high hopes have not been fulfilled, and the tree of education planted amid such auguries has not borne all the expected fruits; though the whole sluggish mass of the people has not been leavened, and their prejudices and superstitions are still as rife and strong as ever ; though foreign rule beneficial as it has undoubtedly proved to the material and moral progress of the country in many ways, has not ceased to be looked upon as alien and odious, and has failed to inspire the sentiment of genuine and heart-felt loyalty, yet during the last two generations, a small but select band of young men has grown up imbued with Western ideas and full of

the newly-born zeal to regenerate their country and its peoples during the present providential opportunity afforded by the universal peace and unstinted tolerance which are the greatest results of the British rule. Of this band Telang was the representative in the present generation of Hindus, as Bhau Daji was in the last generation in Western India.

But beyond this select group there is a larger class of educated natives of which it may be broadly stated that it has proved disappointing. The effect produced on them resembles that which the Romans under Agricola wrought upon the ancient Britons, as noticed by Tacitus in the life of his great kinsman: '*Qui modo linguam Romanam abnuebant, eloquentiam concupiscerent. Inde etiam habitus nostri honor et frequens toga. Paulatimque discessum ad delenimenta vitiorum, porticus et balnea et conviviorum elegantiam.*' With them English pleasures and dress, and, above all, English eloquence, have proved most attractive and influential. Instead of trying to regenerate their countrymen, and working soberly and steadily to bring them up, if not quite to the level of Western nations—which it is doubtful they can ever attain,— at least to one approaching theirs, from which they can safely and wisely profit by those European political ideas and institutions that are in their present state unsuited and perhaps hurtful to them, these men are trying to put the cart before the horse. They misapply their energies, urgently needed in other directions, to the futile struggle for political rights and privileges which no rulers in their senses can ever grant to them without serious injury to the peace and prosperity of the country. This mistaken sphere of activity which the majority of educated Indians seem to have chosen; this perversion of abilities in many cases sterling and brilliant, is a matter of deep regret to those who are not led away by the splendour of empty rhetoric and specious logic, and who actually feel the great want of workers in the cause of the moral and social regeneration of their countrymen. This fascinating sphere of politics seized the newly awakened Indian mind at the very

beginning, and already, among the first batch of scholars educated according to Western methods, were to be found ardent but misguided and misguiding politicians. As early as 1848, we find the late Sir Henry Elliott, the laborious collector of the Persian historians of India, writing about "the Bombastic Baboo ranting about patriotism and the degradation of his countrymen's present position," and referring to the "young Brutuses and Phocions of India" talking big about liberty and democracy. Yet this first generation of educated Indians, now passing away, was, on the whole, moderate in its tone, and not so extreme as the present race of native politicians.

These, having come in contact personally, but much more through reading, with the most advanced form of the Radicalism of the day in England, have been most adversely influenced by it. This Radicalism, with its vice of levity of assent to false and hasty generalisations, threatens, as Sir Henry Maine has sagaciously noted, "little short of ruin to the awakening intellect of India where political abstractions, founded exclusively upon English facts, and even here requiring qualification, are applied by the educated minority, and by their newspapers, to a society which, through nine-tenths of its structure, belongs to the thirteenth century of the West." Its worst features—its rancorous party spirit, its intense egotism and self-assertiveness, its crushing intolerance of opposite views—with its elaborate machinery of agitation, its wire-pulling, and its caucuses, its packed meetings and hollow demonstrations, its clap-trap phrases and *ad captandum* logic, have, to a large extent, been introduced from England, with a contempt which if grave issues were not involved, would be found amusing, for the variation of circumstances, into a land whose inhabitants have never known what it is to be unanimous, which is the stronghold of rigid conservatism and isolating individualism, which within the memory of men still living was innocent of any public meetings, save the evening concourse under the village banyan to discuss parochial politics, or the drowsy group of gossipers going to sleep over their *hookah* and *chandul* in the

bazar dens. The mistaken benevolence and misdirected philanthropy of the English Radical, generally blissfully ignorant of the traditions of this country and the characters of its various nations, differing from one another more than the Russian does from the Irish and both from the German, are but too successfully appealed to. The barriers of nature being overlooked, India is treated as a part of England; Bombay and Bengal are looked upon as Berkshire and Bedfordshire, and the sensitive Non-conformist conscience goes into fits of hysterics in Exeter Hall over the mortal sin of which England is guilty in the East of governing 300 millions of God's creatures in every way better than they ever have been governed in the past, or can govern themselves at present, or at any time in the future.

But this self-assertive new educated class does not really represent the various Indian nations, who do not know its scattered members and care nothing for their objects. Like the crickets, they make a loud ringing noise, while the quiet Indian cow is slowly and contentedly chewing the cud under the shade of the venerable banyan, caring for no such noise. It is often urged with great force that the educated class forms but a microscopic minority, detached by their training from the people from whom they come, and among whom they are like the fleece of Gideon, dry when all around is wet with old deep-rooted superstitions, wet with the culture and thought of ages while all around is a dry parched up desert of ignorance.

This is in the main quite true. It is a fact that the bulk of the population can have little real sympathy with the handful of their Europeanised sons; that they cannot share their airy aspirations; that they instinctively prefer Englishmen as their direct rulers to such of their countrymen as have virtually left their communion and yet have not been admitted into the pale of the foreigner. The masses in India look with indifference on a political movement the true proportions of which they know very well to be confined to the educated few, who are just as much alienated from them by their training and habits as the British are aliens by birth. Simple as the peoples of

India are, they are not so foolish as to think that the millennium will be reached when the Bengali shall rule the Punjab and the Mahratta lord it over Bengal ; when the Sikh shall sway Gujarat, and the Bania and the Borah keep in check Rajputana; when the Madrasi shall represent the supreme authority in Scinde and Baluchistan, and the Pathan and Baluch deal out even justice in Travancore. They do not believe that Aryavarta will be regenerate when the Mahomedan shall be Her Majesty's representative in Benares and Kuttack, or the Hindu become the Chief Commissioner of Delhi and Agra,—all under the shadow of the British flag and within sight of the British camp, whose inmates shall merely fold their hands and look on, to interfere promptly and energetically, of course, when the Hindu rises against his Mahomedan oppressor, when proud Rajusthan disdains to brook the effeminate Bania, when the Baluchi despises the faultless syllogism of the Madrasi graduate.

If the present political movement tended to make the rulers better understood by the ruled, and brought the real wants of the latter to the notice of the authorities; if its leaders were to persuade the people that the English have no other object at heart than to advance their welfare in the way that is thought best suited, and least detrimental to the interests of both, that their real interests are not opposed to those of the governing class; if they showed straightforwardness and honesty of purpose, meaning really what they say, and saying all that they mean; if their political programme showed traces of a wise and far-seeing statesmanship, the Government would surely gain much by sympathising with the movement and taking its leaders into their confidence. But these do not appear to the outsider to be their aims and objects. Or, if they be, then they proceed in a way that does not appear likely to achieve them. On the contrary, if they had quite the opposite aims to these, they could not have proceeded better than they are proceeding now. Instead of the people being brought closer to their rulers, the gulf between them has widened and is widening :

high hopes, doomed to be disappointed, and impossible aspirations, never to be gratified, are conceived, and, as is inevitable, when these are deferred, disappointment breeds disaffection, and the people are being inflamed by crude and reckless writings, so that it may be justly said that discontent is spreading wider and faster than ever. To judge from the speeches and writings of many of this class of politicians and from the tone of a considerable section of the native press, British rule has been the chief cause of untold evils; has drained the country of its resources, while giving it very little in return; presses on the people as heavily as, if not more heavily than, the former governments of the Mahratta and the Moghul; its officials are as corrupt and tyrannical as the myrmidons of Delhi and Poona, and its professions of honesty and justice are but the cloak of hypocrisy to hide its perfidy and rapacity.

But, when we consider the present undoubted prosperity of India, the enormous expansion of her trade, the vast increase of her manufactures, the great influx of foreign capital, and the organisation of public credit; when we survey her great and opulent cities, her harbours, rivalling the best in the world, her gigantic canals, thousands of miles in length, fertilising barren tracts by equalising the bounties of capricious nature, her extensive iron roads, running to the remotest corners, with her telegraphs, through mountains, across rivers, and under the ocean, uniting the various countries of the Continent into one compact whole; when we turn our eyes to her impregnable fortifications on land and sea, which have made her, for the first time in her history, well nigh unassailable from without, to her army glorious with the memory of a hundred campaigns in China and Persia, Egypt and Afghanistan, ready to defend her against all the world; when we take into view her famous laws and codes, civil and criminal, vieing in juristic ability with the works of Justinian and Napoleon, and her still more famous courts, in which these laws are expounded and administered with an impartiality hitherto unknown in the East; when we examine her schools and colleges and universities, where the learning

and arts and sciences of the West and East, of ancient and modern times, are imparted to her sons and daughters ; when we look to the fostering care with which the relics of her former greatness, trodden under foot for ages by ruthless conquerors, her temples and palaces, tombs and monuments, her ancient literature and fine arts are rescued from destruction and oblivion, and preserved for ages to come ; when we contemplate the heroic sacrifices made by English philanthropists and missionaries in the cause of civilisation and enlightenment in the land ; when we witness the humanity shown by her rulers, even in their severer moods, in the methods of punishment and the treatment of prisoners in jails, their consideration for the life and health of the people, as evinced by her great sanitary works and medical departments, her hospitals and sanitariums ; when we see around us all these signs of her moral and material progress, albeit at times clouded, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the Government to which the land and its peoples owe all this can be such a mixture of selfishness and rapacity and hypocrisy, can have such an antipathy towards the people, as some of its prominent native critics often try to make out. By their fruits ye shall judge them is a wise and sound test in politics. And, when judged by its fruits and tried by its effects, British rule in India will never be found wanting.

Of course, the British Government is not perfect. Its members and servants have not been saints. It has, like other human institutions, had its lapses. It may now and then have swerved from its principles. It may have failed of its mark. The scales of justice may not always have been held aloft as evenly as may be demanded by the rigid moralist. Political morality may not on occasions be clearly discerned in some of its deeds. It may be guilty of blunders, even of crimes. It must be admitted that Britain has not achieved in India all that she has professed ; that her ideal has not been fully realised. But she can well plead Dido's excuse and say—

"Res dura et regni novitas talia me cogunt moliri."

To say all this is merely to say that the British Government is human and subject to human infirmities, like other mortal institutions. But, for these lapses, to come down upon it and denounce it *in toto* as faithless and rapacious, as having thrown all righteousness and moral principles to the winds; to compare its officials to Roman Proconsuls, like Verres, and Greek tyrants like Philip, holding them up to public obloquy and exaggerating their smallest faults, to liken its methods to Mahratta maraudery and Moghul extortion, this reason blesses not, this the intelligent subjects of Britain will not long endure. Even in European countries, such unjust and disingenuous criticism of Government is considered dangerous and is but grudgingly allowed. How much more mischievous should it be held in a country where Government is looked upon as almost divine, and where the least tolerance on its part of even the justest strictures is construed by the people into weakness and inability to resent!

But Telang had nothing to do with this wild political criticism which is so rife now among a certain section, this agitation as fraught with danger to the State, threatening its peace and quiet, as injurious to the real advance of the people, whose cause is thereby prejudiced. To judge from the loud and persistent noise which certain agitators are making in England, as well as in India, in the press, which is almost entirely in their hands, and on the platform, which they have monopolised, people at a distance from the scene would be inclined to give them more credit for numbers and influence than their short-sighted and narrow-minded views deserve. With their impossible demands; with their specious loyalty and deep-rooted hatred of the foreign rulers; with their preposterous search after the phantom of premature political advancement, before attending to the crying need of social and moral reform; with their uncompromising attitude of stern, unbending hostility to the entire official class; with their fruitless, carping criticism of all the acts of Government and their malicious imputation to it of false and unworthy motives, Telang had no sympathy whatever. He was ever ready and willing to appreciate the

24171

enormous difficulties that beset the path of the rulers, to give them hearty credit for whatever they give and achieve, instead of blaming them for what they wisely withhold and cautiously leave undone till the people grow ripe to profit by the concession. His moderating influence in the wild fury of present day political agitations was conspicuous. With the later development of the Congress movement, it is no secret, he had but little sympathy. It was hoped, before his elevation to the Bench, that he might rally round him the strong, though silent, forces in native society of sound common-sense and sobriety and form a moderate party of social and political reformers to check and counteract the intransigents.

Men like him are the staunchest champions of British rule, and by taking them into its confidence, Government strengthens its positions immensely. The Empire is, no doubt, based in the last instance on the sword. But, as in its conquest diplomacy had as much to do as force, so also in its administration and preservation, tact should have a large share. This tact should lead the rulers to utilise the able and discriminating critics among the people who come to the front, and encourage those who, disgusted with the noise and excess around them sullenly leave the field, and thus are lost to the State, which needs their services most. Tact and management are most needed at junctures like the present; and it is futile for the English administrator to talk, in season and out of it, of force. If the Empire were to be governed, as it was conquered, by the sword; if the British rule were to be one long continued conquest of a hostile country at the point of the bayonet, and its administration nothing but a military occupation by a victorious garrison, one of the greatest glories of Britain would vanish, and she could claim no right to rank higher than those barbarous empires of ancient as well as modern times, which pursued their splendid but selfish careers of conquest, extending themselves over vast regions and various nations only to disappear from off the face of the earth unregretted and unremembered. No excesses of the extreme Radical party should

drive her to a course so ungenerous and unworthy of her traditions. Britain has always, and from the very beginning of her career in the East, when her present proud destiny lay as yet hid from the eye of man, taken a higher and nobler view of her mission. On her conquest and administration of India she bases with truth and justice her highest claim to the gratitude of civilization for ages to come. She holds this ancient land as a sacred trust from Providence. With this high purpose she has always fought to obtain peace, she has conquered but to civilize. Wherever the British flag has been planted, peace and prosperity have followed in its train. The conquest of the people only opened their way to emancipation. They are governed now in every way far better than they have been at any time during the last twenty centuries, excepting, perhaps, the half century of Akbar's reign, and enjoy as many, if not more, privileges than they ever had under their own monarchs, like Asoka and the few others who followed his beneficent example.

The British nation has always tried to govern its vast dependency in this spirit of enlightened generosity. It has shown this by word and act whenever a suitable occasion has arisen. This spirit ran through all the utterances and despatches of the authorities responsible in England for the good government of the territories of the East India Company. It was embodied and embalmed when that Company came to the end of its singular career, in the memorable Proclamation of 1858, which has been justly called by the peoples of India the Magna Charta of their liberties. It was in this spirit that Burke inveighed so passionately against Warren Hastings in Parliament; that Mill brought his cold philosophic analysis to bear on what he thought to be the misdeeds of the Company and its servants. It was by this noble spirit that Sir Charles Forbes and Sir Erskine Perry and later, Cobden and Bright and Fawcett, were prompted in their attacks on the Indian administrations of the last two generations. It is this spirit and this spirit alone, let us hope and believe, that actuates many a philanthropist of our day

in his crusade against what he imagines to be British misrule in India.

But it is a matter of grave importance that this generous impulse of the British nation should not be allowed to injure the Empire, as well as the country, whose good, there is no doubt, it has really at heart. The intentions and motives are undoubtedly benevolent. But everything depends on how these are executed. To judge from recent accounts of the interference of Parliament in Indian affairs, one would be led strongly to suspect that it does not value the possession of the brightest jewel in its crown so much after all. Instead of interfering only in political matters, it should use its influence now and then with Indian political leaders to persuade them to look first to the crying domestic and moral evils which are debasing their homes, and families; and, when reform, like charity, has begun at their homes, to extend their efforts to the political sphere. The English in India know very well how to look to political matters and settle them; let the Indians then look to their social matters, which they alone can touch and handle. But Indian politicians know very well that the task of social reform is a most difficult one, requiring real, active and often thankless self-sacrifice, and not mere platitude or denunciation, as on political platforms. Honours and emoluments do not await the social reformer. He must be prepared to meet with undeserved obloquy, to have his motives misunderstood, to sever himself from the dearest ties, to give up the most cherished ambitions in the course of his crusade. The social reformer must thus be made of much sterner stuff than his political fellow-worker. He must work patiently and noiselessly; he must sink and efface himself in the cause; he must not expect the applause of gazing multitudes, but rather the disapproval of his generation; he must be prepared to sow where he should be content to let others reap; he must reconcile himself to meet the fate of Moses and get but a distant Pisgah view, if even that, of the Promised Land, which others, benefiting by his work, will enter. For hundreds of platform

orators there is hardly one such rare character found ; but when that one is found, as in Malabari, who, single-minded, and single-handed, has spent almost a whole life time in the service of moral and social regeneration, he does more lasting good to his country than a whole host of demagogues can ever hope to do.

The Age of Consent Bill, a partial consummation of Malabari's life-work, but recently enacted, after the almost superhuman efforts of a small band of reformers under his direction, is fraught with infinitely greater blessings, and will do more solid and lasting good, than any of the political privileges obtained during the present generation. When the future historian comes to view British Indian legislation of the latter half of this century through the due perspective of time, and shall have before him in one view causes as well as effects, he will have little difficulty in pronouncing this single law the most vitally important of the whole series. Just as the abolition of suttee and female infanticide is the most glorious and abiding reform of Lord William Bentinck's rule, which was signalized by many other beneficent political acts, now almost forgotten, so Lord Lansdowne's regime will be chiefly remembered for this humane law, when all his political legislation shall be forgotten. In the preparation for it and its promulgation, it would not be too much to say that not a single political leader had a share. On the contrary, Malabari, the life and soul of the social reform movement in India, found in the majority of these politicians, perhaps his most uncompromising and fanatical opponents, whilst during the discussion that raged round the Bill, so-called patriotic politicians were not ashamed to come out to attack the very humane principle of the measure and to attach their names to the most silly and revolting protests ever written by educated men. That was really the occasion when the mask of superficial culture dropped down from many a half-educated Hindu politician, who stood out in his true colours. That occasion showed how fit this class of politicians are to enjoy the benefits of Western

institutions. The name of religion has been dragged to the support of many an unworthy cause ; but that sacred name had never before been so much defiled as on that occasion when it was used by ostensibly civilized beings to defend one of the most odious customs of the country. *Tantum religio potuit saudere malorum.* The part which Telang took in this matter was very creditable. Though, a few years ago, he had publicly avowed that the country could dispense with social, and should push on with political, reform, yet, with increasing years that brought the philosophic mind, and with riper judgment, he saw the error of his former opinion and the cause of social reform now found in him a very judicious champion. During the Age of Consent controversy he brought his copious stores of Sanscrit learning, his power of close reasoning and persuasive eloquence, to the support of the Government measure, and put to rout, on their own chosen ground of religion and sacred writings, a whole rabble of re-actionaries.

It was believed that this legislation was framed and passed through the intervention of the English nation, who brought its whole indirect influence to bear on the Indian Government, which would fain have left the matter alone. If so, the English nation never intervened in a better cause ; never was the duty which it owes to India more worthily performed than on that occasion. Exeter Hall can have no nobler cause than that of the dumb child-wife in India ; the Non-conformist conscience cannot be shocked by anything more than by the continuance under the British flag of superstitions so barbarous and inhuman in their effects on women, and, through them, on the entire population of countries under its sway, as those which prevail at the present day among the communities of India. The English people would, therefore, be wise to leave political matters relating to India, requiring local knowledge and experience, to be dealt with on the spot by their countrymen than whom none, not even native politicians, are more intimately acquainted with the country, and to employ their in-

fluence and use their efforts in the cause of the social and moral regeneration of their fellow-subjects in the East.

Telang's life presents, in many respects, a close resemblance to that of the great German scholar, statesman and patriot, Christian Bunsen. Both were known, above everything else, for the spotless purity of their lives. Both were great scholars by nature and inclination, but both were enticed away from the dream of their youth by splendid temptations. The German was allured by the charms of diplomacy, the Indian by the brilliance of the Bar and the Bench. But neither gave up entirely the cherished tastes of his early life, and each found time amid his professional avocations for writing works which literature will not willingly let die, though Bunsen's are greater in number and length, owing to his longer life, and greater leisure. The closest resemblance is, however, in their political and social work for their countries. Bunsen had ever at heart the political regeneration of his beloved Prussia after the disasters of the Napoleonic wars, and the unity of Germany; and though he did not live to see the consummation of his hopes, and was several times crossed in his objects, yet he never ceased to work for the patriotic cause he had at heart. What Telang tried to do for the regeneration of his countrymen, we have endeavoured to show. Telang, like Bunsen, as we have said, hesitated, at the outset of his career, whether he should not be a professor and devote his life to study. Like Bunsen, too, he may, probably, have regretted his decision. But his contemporaries have been gainers by this decision, at the expense of posterity. What Professor Max Müller says of Bunsen may be applied to him. He taught the world some lessons which he could not have taught in the lecture-room of an Indian College, while his high position brought influence and added a weight to his words and acts which those of a mere professor could not have. People who could scarcely listen to the arguments of a Sanscrit professor, sat enthralled at the feet of the eminent Judge and Vice-Chancellor. That a pro-

fessor should be learned, and a lawyer should be studious, was a matter of course; but that a Judge of the High Court should carry on an elaborate controversy on the abstruse point of the age of a Brahman philosopher of antiquity with a college professor; that a lawyer should travel so far beyond his province as to lecture to an audience of professed students of history on the Mahratta politics of a bygone age, and yet be up to date in his Law Reports to the latest case; that the Vice-Chancellor of the University should think of translating Thomas à Kempis for Mahratta schoolboys; that an antiquary, excelling in dry research, the veriest Dryasdust, should be a poet, and have successfully tried his hand at blank verse in the most difficult foreign language, this was enough to startle society, both high and low. This remarkable versatility made his influence very extensive. And nobly did he use his influence. He was ever ready to help a fellow-worker, to encourage a young man of promise along the path he had so successfully trodden. The seeds he has sown in the minds and hearts of many men have borne fruit, and will bear still richer fruit in the future.

Telang knew three languages perfectly—Mahratti, Sanscrit, English,—and that might be said of him which was said of Ennius, that he had three hearts, to know and love all that was good and noble in the three literatures, strong enough to despise and shun all that was mean and unworthy in any.* He was Mahratta by birth, but an Englishman by knowledge, by taste, by love; and he had true friends among both communities. He had learnt, through his own personal experience, the genuine manliness and nobility of the English character which, unfortunately, is hidden from most of his countrymen by the English coldness and reserve, if not *hauteur*. He knew that his countrymen had only to come into closer contact with the distant and taciturn foreigner in order to love him. He saw, with great grief, on the other hand, what a cloud of prejudices, not entirely unfounded, stood in the way of the Englishman's appreciating the

* Cf. *Biographical Essays*, p. 307.

sterling qualities of the Mahratta character. Yet he did not despair. He looked forward to the happy time when both sides would appreciate and understand each other better, would forget or wink at the superficial differences which divide them, and look steadily at those uniting ties alone which lie deep down in the common human nature of both.

This happy time is, unfortunately, as far off now as ever, owing, it must be said, to the fault not of one side alone. But still, if there be such influential workers and mediators as Telang, its approach need not entirely be despaired of. However great may be the grief felt at his death, it should not be allowed to stand in the way of activity and zeal to follow his example. *Non hoc praecipuum amicorum munus est prosequi defunctum ignavo questu, sed quæ voluerit meminisse, quæ mandaverit exsequi.* (*Tacitus, Annales II.*, 71.) They, thus, are the most sincere mourners who, remembering what were his designs, endeavour to carry out his commands. Let them, therefore, remember the noble example of his great and good life of public usefulness and private virtue, lived ever under the public gaze and in the fierce light that beats on the pedestals on which public men stand ; remember his noble efforts for the social and moral advancement of his countrymen ; let them, while not forgetting his actual performances, remember what he has left unachieved, his unfinished designs and unattained goal ; and, remembering these, let them dedicate their best efforts in his and their common cause, to the memory of his great name, as the tribute at once most useful to the living and most pleasing to the illustrious dead.

[MR. LEE-WARNER IN THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.—(*London, Dec.* 1895).]

* * * All this we must expect, but I have no doubt that the blessings of the British peace and British justice are widely appreciated. I prefer to quote in this connection from a thoughtful article written by Mr. R. P. Karkaria in the last *Calcutta Review*. "Simple as the peoples of India are, they are not so foolish as to think that the millennium will be reached when the Bengalee shall rule the Punjab, and the Mahratta lord it over Bengal; when the Sikh shall sway Guzerat, and the Banya and Borah keep in check Rajputana; when the Madrassi shall represent the supreme authority in Sind and Beluchistan; and the Pathan and Beluch deal justice in Travancore." * * * "The moral sin of which England is guilty is that of governing 300,000,000 creatures in every way better than they have been governed in the past, or can govern themselves at present, or any time in the future." That I believe to be the general conviction of the masses who still have the Native States to look to if they want to see a type of rule. With the educated classes the case is somewhat different. * * * * The interests and the aspirations of the few are opposed to our policy, and the gulf only widens as further concessions are made. Mr. Karkaria, from whom I have just quoted, writes of what he terms wild political critics in these terms:—"With their impossible demands, with their specious loyalty and deep-rooted hatred of their foreign rulers, with their preposterous search after the phantom of premature political advancement before attending to the crying need of social and moral reform with their uncompromising attitude of stern hostility to the entire official class, with their fruitless criticism of all the acts of Government, and their malicious imputation to it of false and unworthy motives." There is both truth and exaggeration in this picture. Political abstractions founded upon English facts are no doubt being applied to a society which, as Sir Henry Maine observed, belongs, through nine-tenths of its structure, to the thirteenth century of the West.

[*From the* INDIAN MAGAZINE AND REVIEW (London).]

An appreciative article by Mr. R. P. Karkaria treats of the grave loss sustained by the community in India through the death of Mr. K. T. Telang. The writer traces in his life and character a close resemblance to that of the Great German scholar, statesman, and patriot, Christian Bunsen. . . . . * * *

Eloquent testimony is borne to the high aims and to the versatile intellect of the subject of this memoir.

[*From the* BOMBAY GAZETTE, OCT. 3, 1894.]

Speaking some years ago of an eminent English statesman, one of his political contemporaries said that just as the grandeur of a mountain cannot be fully seen except at a distance, so the services which his right honourable friend had rendered to the State could not be fully known during his life-time. It was only after his place had become vacant that they would be able to put a correct and adequate estimate upon his brilliant and useful career. We are forcibly reminded of these words by Mr. R. P. Karkaria's article on the late Mr. Justice Telang in the October number of the *Calcutta Review*. Thirteen months have passed away since the death of the foremost Hindu of the age, but time has not served to mitigate his loss—indeed, as Mr. Karkaria shows, never was his counsel and his leadership more needed than to-day * * * Mr. Karkaria's paper may be commended to the serious consideration of all who have at heart the true welfare of the Indian Empire.

[*From the* OBSERVER.]

A most interesting and scholarly article has recently been contributed to the columns of the *Calcutta Review* by Mr. R. P. Karkaria, a Parsee of Bombay, on the present condition of political India, and his *ante mortem* connection therewith of the late Mr. Justice Kashinath Trimbuck Telang. The "trend" of the article, so to speak, may be viewed in various aspects. It is not altogether an unbroken, much less a complete, record of the life of the deceased scholar, politician, and patriot, and yet it connects that life lucidly enough with the present political progress of India, to leave it an open question as to whether it may be accepted as a political biography, pure and simple, or as a dissertation on the present political movement in India, dedicated in affectionate remembrance to a leader.

* * * *

With this parting expression of respect, we will proceed to consider the other aspects of the article, and in doing so to say that we wish we were assured of a few more instances of loyalty and outspokenness amongst the natives of India, as those candidly exhibited by Mr. Karkaria who, it is a pleasure to see, possesses the courage of his opinions.

Never were truer words spoken, and certainly never were the pretended representatives of India in Parliament placed through a more complete process of pulverisation as they have been in this instance. Would that more of our educated natives came out and spoke as Mr. Karkaria has done. The sooner in such a case would there be an end to strife and contention, and particularly to the imprudent and ill-timed expression of aspirations which can only be reasonably forecasted as belonging to, and realisable by, generations as yet in the far future.

[*From the* INDIAN SPECTATOR.]

Mr. R. P. Karkaria deserves to be more widely known than he is. One leading a quiet literary life has everywhere fewer chances of being duly appreciated than the noisy citizen, his neighbour, who attends public meetings, gets up public meetings, makes speeches, signs memorials, votes and is voted addresses. The man devoted to literature who finds his study an end in itself, to which he has gladly sacrificed other ends, compares very favourably with these, and yet he is neglected when they are courted and made so much of. Mr. Karkaria belongs to a class which we wish to see joined by larger numbers. In its prosperity, in the general esteem in which it is held, lie the real strength and power of the country. It admits of no doubt that men of this stamp are the true leaven of society, and mould its fortunes in the long run. Our country is flooded with speakers and writers, eager to court notice, make a demonstration in their favour or that of their party, far more precipitate and unreflective than sober and thoughtful. To place by the side of these we have extremely few genuine students of literature, or history, or politics, men who after a wide survey of facts gathered from various sources, and after carefully, dispassionately weighing them, arrive slowly at opinions; men who are in search of truth, who are not content with scoring a victory in polemics, or satisfied with the success of a party.

Edited by MR. R. P. KARKARIA.

LECTURES

ON THE

History of European Literature & Culture

BY THOMAS CARLYLE,

Now first published from the Anstey MS.

With an Introduction and Notes

BY R. P. KARKARIA.

Royal 8vo., 12s.

Large paper *editio de luxe* 4to.

Half-bound morocco, gilt, gilt-edges.

(ONLY 30 COPIES PRINTED, SIGNED AND NUMBERED.)

£2-2. Rs. 30.

PROFESSOR JOHN NICHOL, IN JOHN MORLEY'S "ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS: *Carlyle.*"

The scope and sense of the limitations of Carlyle's critical power are exhibited in his second series of Lectures delivered in 1838, when he had reached the maturity of his powers . . . This posthumous publication (edited by Mr. Karkaria) is justified by its interest and obvious authenticity . . . The whole volume is a testimony to the speaker's power of speech, to his often unsurpassed penetration, and to the hopeless variance of the often rapidly shifting streams of his thought.

[*From the* WESTMINSTER REVIEW.]

Carlyle's lectures on the History of Literature are excellent reading; they were delivered by him in 1838 and are now published for the first time. We have often said that, if you desire to cherish anything like hero-worship for an author, you ought to know nothing of him but his works. The remark does not hold good in all cases. But it is peculiarly applicable to Carlyle. Every fragment of his writings that is from time to time unearthed does him honour

and is worthy of his great reputation, but the anecdotes of his private life—and unhappily they abound—do but lower and belittle him. Even the rambling reminiscences which Sir Gavan Duffy has been contributing . . . . . does but strengthen the unfavourable impression . . . . . From that damaging attempt at rehabilitation, such contributions to the sum of the published works of Carlyle as the *Lectures* now before us edited by Mr. Karkaria are a welcome relief. With most of the opinions they advance we are already familiar from the Author's previously published works ; but it is pleasant as well as instructive to find them arranged and marshalled in the form of a cursory history of European literature. Mr. Karkaria's Notes and Introduction seem to us very much to the purpose, and the volume is a welcome step towards a complete edition of the works of Thomas Carlyle.

[*From the* TIMES.]

When Carlyle gets upon ground with which he is more familiar—that of the literary history of the modern world—his native genius reappears here and there. In what he says about Dante and his age, about Luther and the Reformation, about Cervantes and chivalry, about the literature of the *Aufklarung*, about Swift, Johnson, Hume, and Gibbon, and finally about Goethe and his influence, we seem once more to catch vivid glimpses of Carlyle, whom we know and admire . . . The notes of Mr. Karkaria are less pretentious and often more to the point.

[*From the* GUARDIAN.]

Even if these pages had no other value, they would be useful as making it clear to us that Carlyle's ultimate style was genuinely developed out of his more conversational utterances ; and that the earliest form of his more studied writings was for him the most artificial. * * * Mr. Karkaria has generally done this part of the work well. For Mr. Karkaria's edition we have little but praise ; the notes are generally useful as well as unpretending. * * * Mr. Karkaria's extremely able Introduction brings before us with admirable lucidity the two opinions which are the guiding lines of these lectures, the necessity of belief for true progress and culture, and the "well-known view that all great things are unconscious." On the latter point Mr. Karkaria's summary is so excellent that we may well, in taking leave of him, let him speak for himself.

[*From the* SPECTATOR.]

In the last Lecture there is much true Carlyle. When he writes of Goethe, one feels at once that the main subject is his own, and that he instructs out of the fulness of knowledge. Two theories distinctly run and connect the course of lectures, and we cannot do better than quote these lines from the Introduction of Mr. Karkaria. * * * That this is a correct description of the text of the Lectures, we do not question for a moment.

[*From the* CATHOLIC EXAMINER.]

But for Mr. Karkaria's industry these Lectures would still be lying submerged among the dingy records of the Bombay Asiatic Society. This fortunate circumstance and the equipment of collateral knowledge as well as literary taste which

this youthful editor bestows upon his task suggest some pertinent reflections. It is commonly said, nay, it is commonly seen, that no matter how fluently a native of this country may write our mother-tongue, his grammar may be faultless, his phrases may challenge analysis, he may be educated to his finger-tips, yet he is none the less sure to expose himself by the very complexion and turn of his thought. * * * It is therefore a notable mark of Mr. Karkaria's triumph over the characteristic touches, not of mere idiom but of literary instinct which they reveal, and of the intrinsic soul of sympathy with which he edits his work, that it would puzzle the wariest critic to discern wherein his style and the direction of his thought are distinguishable from British standards. His Introduction is an easy-flowing narrative illustrated by *apropos* references from the stores of a copious and well-digested reading diversified, but nowhere burdened, with pleasant side-light of criticism in which there does not appear a single solecism of expression or thought or feeling.

[*From the* ST. JAMES' GAZETTE.]

Of the two simultaneous first publications of what Mr. R. P. Karkaria calls Carlyle's posthumous work, we prefer that which this gentleman has himself edited. * * * It is also to Mr. Karkaria's credit as an editor that he leaves his reader in no doubt as to the real character and authenticity of those Lectures.

[*From the* LITERARY WORLD.]

The Bombay book has the advantage of much more elaborate editing than has been vouchsafed to the London one. Mr. Karkaria has taken the trouble to add a number of notes interesting in themselves and calculated to elucidate the text. Our remark is that so much is there of racy insight and imaginative language in these lectures, and so magical is the general charm of Carlyle's genius, that we read them to the last word, and then regretted that they were at an end.

[*From the* ATHENÆUM.]

Students will be glad to have brought within their reach these notes of lectures hitherto only known from Professor Dowden's Extracts. Mr. Anstey's notes are so interesting that we must be sorry he or some other reporter was not also present at the first and third series—of which nearly all trace is lost. They serve to give us as much insight into Carlyle's own culture, and his wide acquaintance with literature at the middle period of his life. His observations are fresher, and these are particularly interesting. Mr. Karkaria's text is taken from Anstey's original MS. The editor has been so painstaking in identifying Carlyle's references and in quoting parallel or similar passages from his own or others' writings that it would be ungracious to find fault with the naïve criticisms on which he occasionally ventures.

[*From the* SATURDAY REVIEW.]

The lectures on Dante, on Goethe and on the eighteenth century literature contain much that is finely observed and strikingly presented.

[*From the* ANNUAL REGISTER, 1891.]

In the field of literature there are several books of interest and importance. First of all there is a volume of Lectures by Carlyle. The history of these last lectures is very curious . . . They are interesting enough. Mr. Karkaria's notes are generally careful and of use.

[*From* PUBLIC OPINION.]

Admirers of Carlyle have now the opportunity of reading one of his earliest works which bears the stamp of his idiosyncrasies that marked the later volumes from his pen . . Great care has been exercised by Mr. Karkaria, and the references are copious. As a short and concise account of the history of European literature, the volume is of no small value and of singular interest.

[*From the* PUBLISHER'S CIRCULAR.]

The lectures are extremely interesting, as showing the author's mental development.

[*From the* BOOKSELLER.]

The most important point is that Mr. Karkaria has verified the countless references made by Carlyle, and gives in footnotes valuable parallel passages and quotations, sometimes cited by Carlyle and sometimes supplied by himself. The introduction is careful and scholarly.

[*From the* BOOKMAN.]

The lectures are mildly characteristic, and as we read them we are willing to believe that they must have been impressive when spoken, especially the one on Dante, though his lack of appreciation of anything that was not Teutonic was never so clearly revealed before. Mr. Karkaria has proved himself a zealous scholar of Carlyle by adding an index.

[*From the* GLASGOW HERALD.]

The Indian edition, which has been printed direct from the notes of Mr. T. C. Anstey, now in the possession of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, has been edited by Mr. R. P. Karkaria, who has been at considerable pains in verifying Carlyle's literary references in copious footnotes. Mr. Karkaria has also written an introduction to the work, in which he mainly deals with contemporaneous accounts of Carlyle's appearance on the lecture platform.

[*From the* MORNING POST.]

In Mr. Karkaria's edition there are side-headings to the paragraphs which are convenient for reference.

[*From the* STAR.]

These lectures are extremely well planned, and are as simple in expression as the "Life of Schiller." They comprise a complete view of the history of European literature, from Homer to Goethe, and though the filling-in is of necessity but sketchy, the principle of evolution is traced throughout in Carlyle's own tenacious fashion . . . The best pages in the book are probably those on Dante, always inspiring them with him. His commentary on the Paolo-Francesca passage in "The Inferno" is very fine. "The whole is beautiful," he says, "like a clear piping voice heard in the middle of a whirlwind; it is so sweet and gentle and good."

[*From the* MANCHESTER EXAMINER.]

However they may compare with Carlyle's other works, they cannot fail to be a source of great interest to all students of his writings.

[*From the* NORTHERN WHIG.]

Mr. Karkaria now presents its contents to the world admirably edited and annotated. These lectures on European culture possess a great value and interest for all admirers of Carlyle. But, apart from this, they have a high intrinsic value as affording distinct, if necessarily limited, views of the progress of culture and literature in Europe. The general plan followed is the only one applicable in a short series of lectures touching the wide period from the epoch of the Homeric poems, Herodotus, and the tragic poets of Greece down to the times of Goethe, Schiller, and Carlyle's darling author, Jean Paul. A sketch is given of the social, religious, and intellectual life of an age with particular reference to the nation where such life was most marked and of deepest interest, and the chief writers are treated of with brilliancy and force.

[*From* BLACK AND WHITE.]

This early work of Carlyle has absolutely none of the obscurity of expression or the difficult involution of thought that marked and marred some of his other works.

[*From the* DAILY TELEGRAPH.]

In the lectures before us are to be found all the united characteristics of Carlyle. His literary judgments are such as we should have expected from his other writings.

[*From* MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.]

Many of the figures re-appear: Dante and Shakespeare, Luther and Knox, Johnson and Rousseaus, Cromwell and Napoleon. If we compare the form these figures take in the Lectures on the History of Literature with the form given to them in the Lectures on Heroes, we shall see that the earlier work stands to the later much as the first quarto of Hamlet stands to the play we read as Shakespeare's. And even in these lectures, crude and fragmentary as they must have been in their original shape, —for who could trace the whole spiritual history of man from the earliest times to our own through a course of twelve lectures of something under an hour's duration apiece in other than a fragmentary manner?—imperfectly as they may have come

down to us, the real Carlyle is still momentarily visible. The "devouring eye and portraying hand," the wonderful qualities of expression that, in Emerson's fine phrase, savour always of eternity, have not yet come; but they are coming and they cast their shadows before them. The few sentences in which he sketches Johnson and Hume—Johnson, "the great, shaggy, dusty pedagogue," who "must inevitably be regarded as the brother of all honest men;" Hume, "who always knew where to begin and end"—foreshadow the wonderful gallery of portraits (kit-cats only though most of them be) that we find in *Cromwell* and *Friederich*. Nor would it be easy to sum Napoleon up in a single sentence more felicitously than he is summed in this: "Buonaparte himself was a reality at first, but afterwards he turned out all wrong and false,"—a sentence elaborated into several pages in the lecture on the Hero as King, but still containing in less than a score of words the essential fact of the man.

[*From the* LIVERPOOL MERCURY.]

The editorial sketch of Mr. Karkaria is very interesting, and enables us to realise the circumstances under which the lectures were produced.

[*From the* MORNING POST.]

The subject chosen by Carlyle was the history of literature viewed at successive periods of European culture, and he endowed it with more than ordinary interest, throwing much of his personality into his remarks and exhibiting the rare power he possessed of avoiding the trivial and seizing only on the essential part of the matter in hand. . . . As, despite all the revelations of his innumerable biographers, we deem Thomas Carlyle to have been a sincere man, we think that, in calling attention to his last published works, we call attention to that which is worth attending to.

[*From the* AUSTRALASIAN.]

The present volume, consisting of a series of lectures delivered by Carlyle in London in 1838, and never before given to the world, comes in the nature of a decided surprise. We imagined that everything considerable thought and wrought by the Sage of Chelsea was already public property. That this was not so is in any event more a matter of gratification than surprise, for the world has not yet, fickle as is its taste, learned to tire of the author of *Sartor Resartus* . . . . But, setting the apparent sketchiness and hurry of the lectures aside, they form delightful reading for the literary epicure. The style is altogether devoid of the conglomerate which is known as "Carlylese," and has more of grace and harmony than any of his books since the life of Frederick.

His method of criticism is of course his own—looking straight through the book or deed for the man who wrote or wrought it. And that fine dramatic instinct which makes his *French Revolution* a living procession passing before the eyes of the reader is everywhere apparent . . . . For though much of what is here set down may be found in different portions of other works by the same author, yet Carlyle is one of the few teachers who can afford to say the same thing more than once without fear of wearying his admirers. As a rapid and just sketch of European literature, this volume, which is ably and studiously annotated by the editor, Mr. R. P. Karkaria, will be of considerable service to the student, though its function is primarily criticism, not history.

[*From the* MADRAS MAIL.]

Twelve of Carlyle's unpublished lectures on European Literature and Culture have been unearthed from the library of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society by Mr. R. P. Karkaria, and have just been published for the first time by Messrs. Curwen, Kane and Co., of Bombay and London (121, Fleet Street). Mr. Karkaria's edition is therefore unique, and may reasonably be expected to make a considerable stir in the literary world. In a masterly introduction he not only relates in detail the peculiar circumstances under which the lectures were delivered, supporting his story by some apt quotations from contemporary writers, but he furnishes us with some intelligent criticisms on the lectures themselves. Further, in a series of admirable notes, he has verified Carlyle's references and added others of more recent works, where the reader may find more information on the subjects touched by Carlyle.

[*From the* BOMBAY EDUCATIONAL RECORD.]

The volume of Carlyle's Lectures on the History of Literature, now published for the first time by the *Times of India* Press, and edited with an introduction and notes by Mr. R. P. Karkaria, a member, we believe, of the staff of St. Xavier's College, Bombay, is a work of very considerable interest, which reflects no little credit on all concerned in its production. It appears that the quarto note-book containing the Lectures as taken down by Mr. T. C. Anstey, which was put up to auction in the sale of Mr. Anstey's magnificent library in November, 1873, was knocked down to the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. We remember that the story in the auction room was that it was to be bought in, regardless of expense, by Mr. Anstey's widow, and, as soon as this was rumoured round, the bidding died away in a kind of respectful hush. Perhaps the Asiatic after this was a little shy in owning up; anyhow the note-book was stowed away in some secret receptacle, whence it was fortunately, after a lapse of years, disinterred by Mr. Karkaria, who has done his work as editor with an ability and good taste which prove that he thoroughly deserved his good fortune in making the find. The lectures in themselves are well worth reading, not only for their clearness and the wonderful way in which the perspective is preserved, but also for their interest in giving, in a more or less colloquial form, the first rough hewings of some opinions which afterwards, shaped into inimitable Carlylese, roused controversies not yet stilled. Many of these are indicated in Mr. Karkaria's modest but really excellent notes, and readers who follow these up will be well repaid. The volume has been officially sanctioned for use in Libraries, and all High Schools will doubtless obtain it.

[*From the* CALCUTTA REVIEW.]

Mr. R. P. Karkaria has accomplished the editing incidental to his enterprise intelligently, his footnotes succinctly and serviceably elucidating the text in hand, filling up lacunæ, &c., and supplying a commendable running commentary of reference . . . Mr. Froude, too, regretted the lapse. It has been filled up and redeemed from limbo in the neat octavo volume lying before us, which is prefaced with an editorial introduction charged with memorabilia anent the nineteenth century prophet's first appearance in public . . . The language employed in these lectures, though here and there in them one may incidentally light on adumbrations of a German mannerism subsequently acquired, is easy, direct, forcible, free from the double-Dutch afflatus that afterwards became a disease in style and has now been differentiated from other literary styles under the denomination "Carlylese."

[*From the* MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE.]

The discovery of a MS. copy of Carlyle's Lectures is one of the most remarkable finds of our time. It seemed as if the valuable series had passed into oblivion . . . The volume is manifestly one of great interest. This discovery in Bombay encourages the hope that, if the libraries of India were carefully searched, many valuable discoveries might be made.

We are glad to see India thus enriching the literature of the English-speaking world. And we are grateful to the editor, Mr. R. P. Karkaria, not merely for the service he has done in publishing this book, but also for the industry and zeal with which he has discharged his task.

[*From the* TIMES OF INDIA.]

We now come to Mr. Karkaria's Introduction, which is admirably written in a modest, sympathetic, and scholarly fashion. * * * As a rule, the editorial work is most carefully done. * * * We have been rather profuse in extracts, but have hoped in that way to give some idea of the extreme interest of the book. The notes form a most useful commentary on the text, and show very clearly what portions of the Lectures have been repeated or adopted by Carlyle in his subsequent writings. We congratulate Mr. Karkaria on his find, and have nothing but praise for the pains he has been at to put before the public in a worthy form this revelation of Carlyle as he was in 1838.

[*From the* BOMBAY GAZETTE.]

* * * * A distinct service has been done in making available to the world at large a work of Carlyle's of which only three copies in manuscript, in addition to the one unearthed in Bombay, are known to exist. The editing of the work is all that can be desired, and more vigilant or more enlightening annotation we have seldom seen. Mr. Karkaria's notes are as often corrective as illustrative, for a good deal has happened in scholarship, as in other things, since Carlyle delivered these lectures and with the increase of knowledge many judgments have had to be revised. In Carlyle's time it was an orthodox belief that Alfred the Great was the founder of the British constitution, as he was of the University of Oxford, and that William the Conqueror set himself to root out the English tongue from his conquered kingdom. But Mr. Freeman, Dr. Stubbs, and others of the scientific school of historians have been at work since then; doctrines such as those which we have cited as samples have had to be set aside; and where work of this kind has had to be done with Carlyle's lectures, Mr. Karkaria has proved himself to be well up to the latest knowledge on the subject. Moreover, Carlyle with his strong and rancorous judgments, often needs some one at hand to modify them, and to show at least that there may be something to be said on the other side. Here the annotator does excellent service. Carlyle, too, who was so severe upon Thiers for his errors in dates and matters of fact, is not seldom in want of correction himself in such matters; and his editor is as circumspect as vigilant in his emendations.

[*From the* INDIAN SPECTATOR.]

It is something for Bombay to boast of to have the credit of being the place where his hitherto unpublished Lectures should be at last published. The credit is the greater when we find that the work of editing has been done not by a countryman of Carlyle, but by a native of India—a Parsee. It is an honour to have one's name associated in this way with that of the philosopher of Chelsea. And on nearly every page the reader discovers signs that the editing has not fallen into unworthy hands. Mr. Karkaria has, in what he has not done as much as in what he has done, shown a remarkably good taste and a genuine labour of love. Like a good guide he puts in his appearance exactly in the right place. What we admire most is his judgment and reverence for the great writer, which have prevented him from filling his pages with learned notes, as an unskilful editor would have been tempted to do with such a treasure in hand as Carlyle's Lectures.

[*From the* RAST GOFTAR.]

* * * We now turn to Mr. Karkaria's very readable introduction. Here Mr. Karkaria gives an interesting and useful account of the MS. in possession of the B. B. R. A. Society and indicates the value of the work by quoting the opinions of great critics and literary writers. We rejoice to say that the introduction is ably written. We believe Mr. Karkaria could have made the introduction longer and more instructive if he chose, and that his extreme modesty stood in the way of his making it ampler and more explanatory. For Mr. Karkaria's notes we have nothing but praise to offer. The lectures cover a vast range of European literature, but Mr. Karkaria has followed their author in every track that he wandered over and detected a number of his slips and stumblings. Mr. Karkaria's knowledge of books is simply extraordinary. He has tested the accuracy of a number of Carlyle's statements, verified his references and quoted a number of parallel passages from the same author that may go to illustrate his views. Numerous references have also been given to recent works where the reader may find more information on the subjects Carlyle has touched. In short, we have no hesitation in declaring that the work of editing and annotating the lectures could not have fallen into abler hands. Mr. Karkaria's *debut* as an editor is very promising indeed and we congratulate him on the ability and painstaking industry he has brought to the editing of this work. Such an extensive ground do these lectures cover, and such a flood of light do they throw on their author's views on men and matters that we have no hesitation in declaring that Mr. Karkaria has rendered a valuable service to literature by putting them for the first time now before the public of Bombay, and especially the Parsee community must feel proud of a young man whose name is now permanently connected with such a master spirit like the Chelsea Sage.

00024171

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 27 November, 2018